

**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! THERE'S A MOST OF MORE IN ...**

# SMASH!

No. 162

8th MAR. 1969

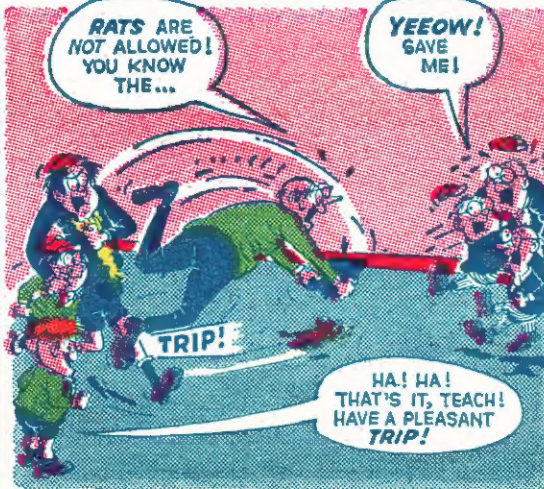
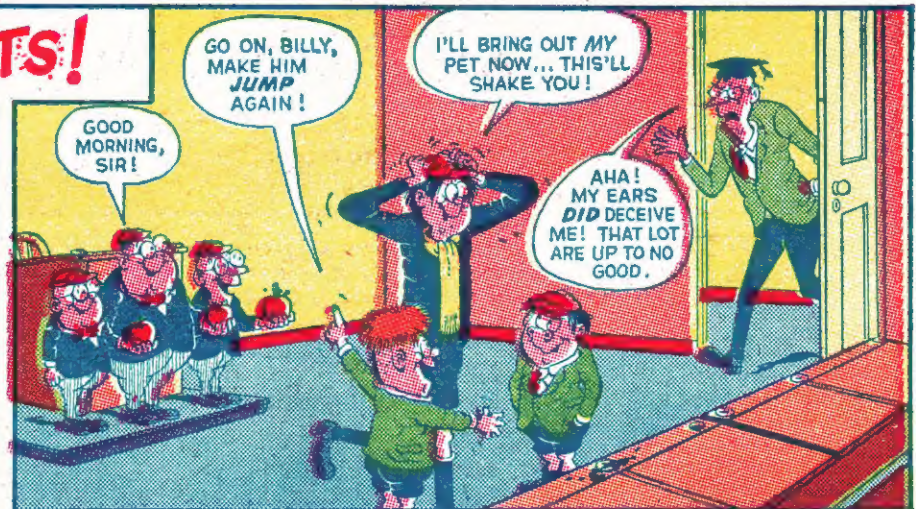
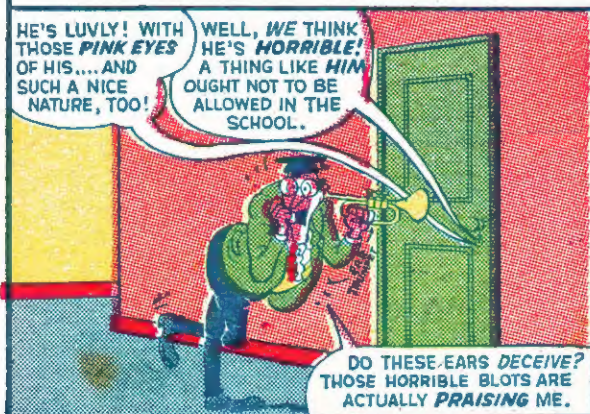
EVERY MONDAY

7d

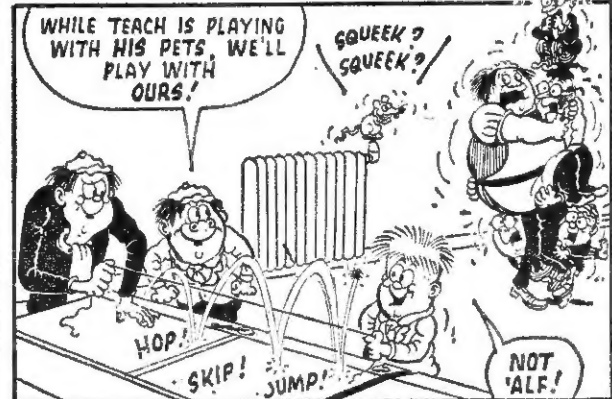
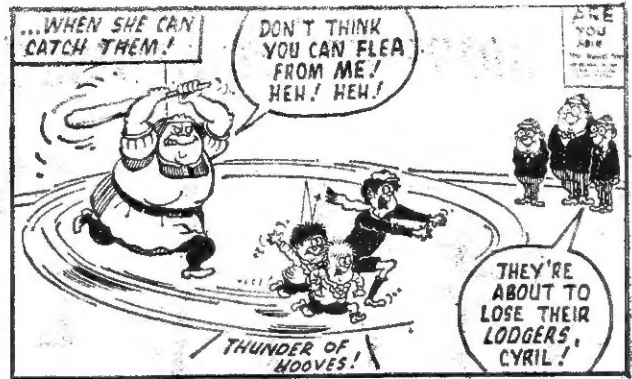
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AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d.  
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

## The SWOTS and the BLOTS!







# KING OF THE RING

A HYPNOTIC DRUG HAS BEEN GIVEN TO KEN KING ON THE EVE OF HIS GREAT MATCH AGAINST HAYSEED HAMMOND IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. BLARNEY TRIES TO REVIVE HIS PAL'S SENSES BY PUSHING HIM INTO A STREAM—BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH IT HAS WORKED!

MA FOI, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KING? IS HE AFRAID?

HE'S MORE—HE'S SCARED STIFF! HIS MANAGER'S GIVING HIM A PEP TALK!

BREATHE SLOWLY... STEADY, KEN!

THE HAYSEED'S HYPNOTIST MANAGER GRINS...

HE'S ALL YOURS, HAYSEED! I HAVE MADE HIM LIKE A CHILD—HE'S A PUSH-OVER.

AARR, E'LL BE REAL SHAKERS AFORE I GET THROUGH WITH HIM. O'LL MAKE IT LOOK GOOD AN' GIVE 'EM SOME CHUCKLES!

MOMENTS LATER...

OH, NO! THAT GREAT HAYSEED GOON IS GENUINELY FAST!

HOW'S THIS FOR OPENERS!

AGONY CONTORTS KEN...

IT'S A DOUBLE ARM LOCK! WILL KING SUBMIT?

DANG 'OI! I LEARNED THIS FROM PLOUGHING.

SUDDENLY KEN TWISTS...

THAT'S IT, KEN! UPSET THE PLOUGH!

HAYSEED WAS OVERCONFIDENT!

THE ROUND ENDS...

YOU CAN STOP PLAYING WITH HIM! GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, HAYSEED!

I WILL! HE GOT LUCKY—I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!

KING ISN'T TREMBLING NOW!

ZE CANVAS EES! IT THROBS LIKE A DRUM!



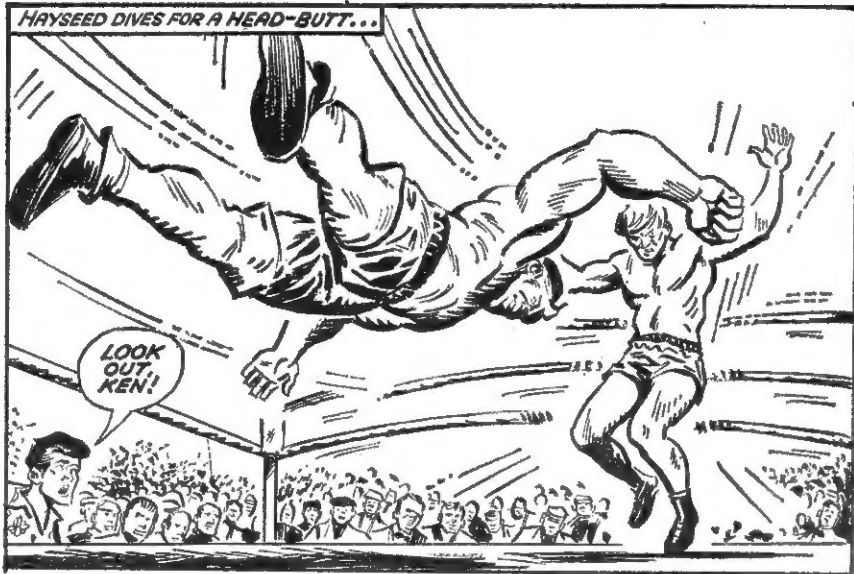
TWO EQUAL ROUNDS PASS... THEN...

THAT'S BETTER—!



HAYSEED DIVES FOR A HEAD-BUTT...

LOOK OUT, KEN!



I'M LOOKING, BLARNEY! I BET HAYSEED ISN'T!



MAGNIFIQUE! SUCH AGILITY— SUCH SPEED!



LET HAYSEED HAVE A CHAT WITH HIS MANAGER! I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS WHERE TEMPER GROWS SHORT...

HAYSEED ROARS WITH FURY...

I THOUGHT YOU HAD HIM HYPNOTISED? WHO'S FOOLIN' WHO?

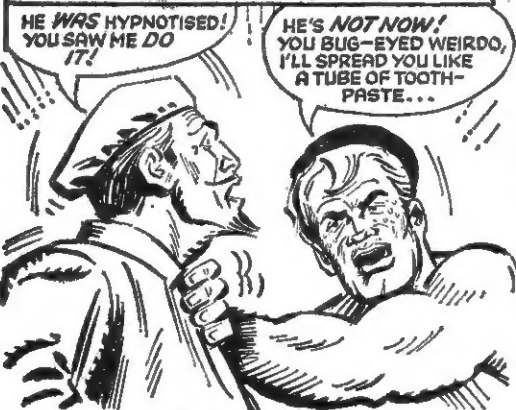
THAT'S IT— SORT IT OUT! SOMEONE'S DONE SOMETHING WRONG!



HAYSEED'S FALSE 'COUNTRY ACCENT' DISAPPEARS.

HE WAS HYPNOTISED! YOU SAW ME DO IT!

HE'S NOT NOW! YOU BUG-EYED WEIRDO, I'LL SPREAD YOU LIKE A TUBE OF TOOTH-PASTE...



KEN INTERRUPTS...

THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION! IF YOU WANT TO BE DISQUALIFIED, JUST STAY A BIT LONGER OUT OF THE RING. I'M WAITING, HAYSEED— AND I MIGHT DO SOME SPREADING...



HAYSEED SWINGS BACK...

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMETHING ABOUT HYPNOTISM?

NOW THE SPARKS WILL FLY! KING HAS GOT HAMMOND FIGHTING MAD.



ALL RIGHT, SMART BOY— THE JOKE'S OVER!

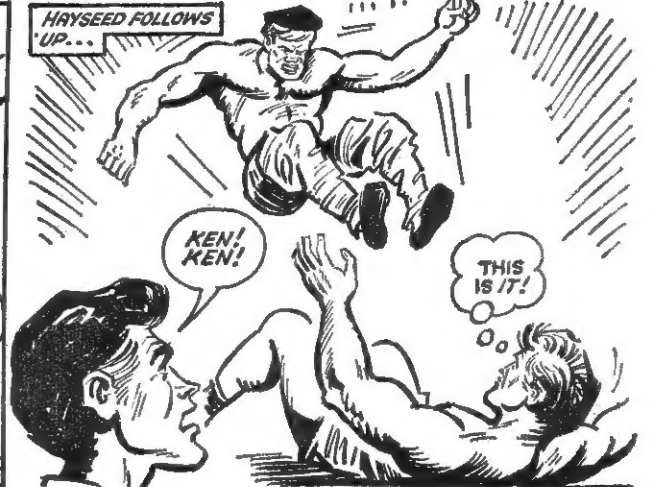


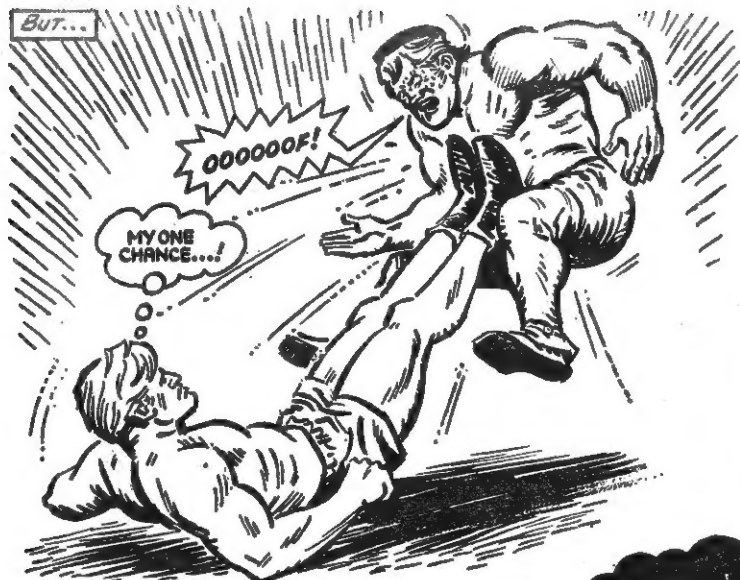
KING'S IN TROUBLE!

HAYSEED FOLLOWS UP...

KEN! KEN!

THIS IS IT!





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Send me your 32-page book FREE and details of your amazing SEVEN-DAY TRIAL OFFER

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS .....



# SERGEANT ROCK

## PARATROOPER!

PART OF SERGEANT ROCK'S JOB WAS TURNING RAW RECRUITS INTO PARATROOPERS, SO HE HAD TO KNOW MEN, AND WHEN HE SAW ONE OF THE NEW ARRIVALS HE EYED HIM THOUGHTFULLY...

THEY MAKE SPECIAL 'CHUTES FOR LITTLE BLOKES LIKE YOU, DON'T FORGET TO ASK FOR THE SMALL SIZE!

AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY HE TOOK THE NEWCOMER ON ONE SIDE...

DON'T LET THEIR KIDDING WORRY YOU, LAD. I KNEW A PARATROOPER WHO WASN'T AS BIG AS YOU, AND HE SURPRISED A LOT OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING THE GERMANS! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM -

HE IS A BIT ON THE SMALL SIDE, BUT HE'S A KEEN LOOKING TYPE...

IT STARTED WHEN JOE PARSON JOINED THE PARA BATTALION THAT WAS FORMING IN NORTH AFRICA FOR THE SICILY INVASION. SOME OF THE BIG LADS STARTED TO TEASE HIM RIGHT AWAY...

HI - LOOK AT THIS!

HOW DID HE SLIP THROUGH?

I KNEW THEY'D BANTAM BATTALIONS IN THE LAST WAR; I DIDN'T KNOW THEY DID IN THIS!

PRIVATE TOM STAGG, A GREAT BULL OF A MAN, LOOKED AT HIM WITH A PUZZLED FROWN -

HEY, DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS PARSON? YOU ANY RELATION OF HARRY PARSON OF B COMPANY OF THE DORSETS?

YES, HE'S MY BROTHER!

STONE THE CROWS! I'M FROM THE DORSETS AND I KNEW HARRY. I THOUGHT I SAW A FAMILY LIKENESS - ONLY HE'S ABOUT TWICE YOUR SIZE!

AFTER THAT THEY TEASED JOE PARSON SO MUCH ABOUT HIS LACK OF SIZE THAT IT BEGAN TO AFFECT HIS CONFIDENCE, AND HIS TRAINING SUFFERED...

FOR A LITTLE BLOKE YOU LAND LIKE A TON OF BRICKS! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, PARSON! YOU OUGHT TO FLOAT DOWN LIKE A FEATHER!

LIKE MOST SMALL MEN, JOE WAS AS GAME AS A FIGHTING COCK. AND WHEN ONE DAY THE USUALLY GOOD NATURED TOM STAGG STARTED KIDDING HIM, HE'D HAD ENOUGH -

THAT'S IT! COME ON, YOU BIG OX, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A HALF-PINT CAN DO. YOU ASKED FOR IT!

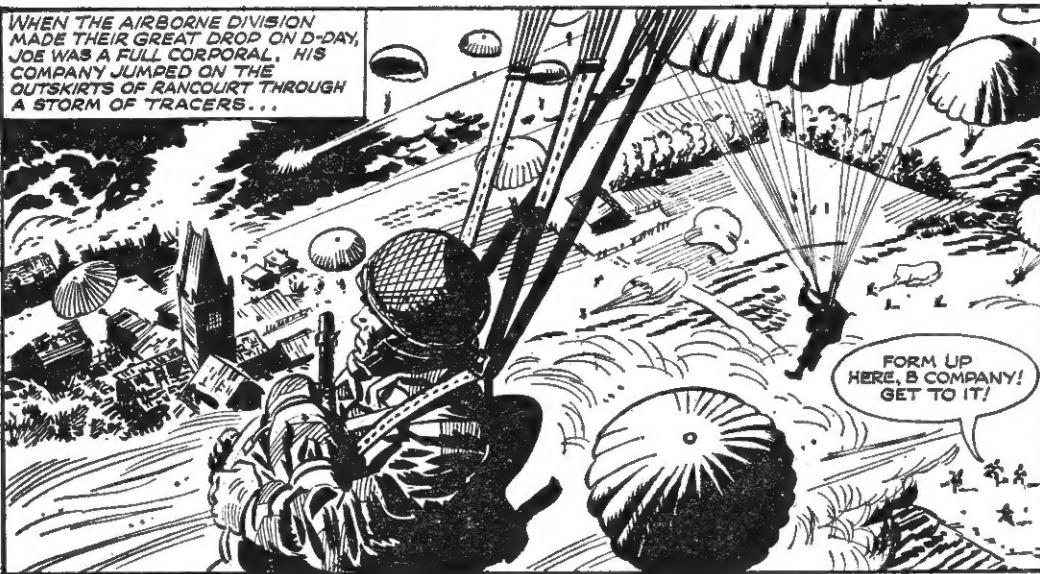
YOU'RE NOT WANTING TO FIGHT ME, LITTLE MAN? WHY, I COULD EAT YOU!

DON'T BE A CLOT, PARSON! TOM IS THE BEST ROUGH-HOUSE FIGHTER IN THE BATTALION...





WHEN THE AIRBORNE DIVISION MADE THEIR GREAT DROP ON D-DAY, JOE WAS A FULL CORPORAL. HIS COMPANY JUMPED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RANCOURT THROUGH A STORM OF TRACERS...



THE COMPANY COMMANDER GAVE JOE A VITAL TASK...

THAT HOUSE ON THE CORNER IS A STRONGPOINT. TAKE YOUR SECTION AND SORT IT OUT, CORPORAL. THEN I'LL MAKE THE MAIN ATTACK FROM THE NORTH...

YES, SIR!



TOM, YOUR PLAN IS SUICIDE, AND I'M GOING TO STOP YOU EVEN IF I HAVE TO BREAK YOUR ARM TO DO IT!



AS THE SECTION ADVANCED A STORM OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS SCYTHED INTO THEM. ONLY JOE AND TOM STAGG REACHED THE SHELTER OF A DITCH UNWOUNDED...

TOM, I'LL SIGNAL BACK ON THAT WALKIE-TALKIE FOR SMOKE BOMBS TO GIVE US COVER.



TOM WAS DETERMINED - BUT SO WAS JOE! AS TOM STARTED TO SCRAMBLE OUT OF THE DITCH JOE CAUGHT HIS WRIST...

TOM BROKE JOE'S HOLD THEN DUMPED JOE AT THE BACK OF THE DITCH...

SORRY, JOE. BUT SOMEONE HAS GOT TO SILENCE THAT STRONGPOINT - AND I'M THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



THE BIG MAN RUSHED FROM ONE BIT OF COVER TO THE NEXT, BUT WHEN HE WAS NEARLY UP TO THE HOUSE A STORM OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS SENT HIM DIVING...



JOE, DAZED BY THE EASE WITH WHICH THE BIG MAN HAD OVERPOWERED HIM, SAW STAGG PINNED DOWN...

I KNEW IT! NO MAN COULD DO IT THAT WAY, BUT - HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THERE BEING NO TIME TO SIGNAL FOR SMOKE. THE ATTACK IS GOING IN ANY MOMENT. SO - WHAT DO I DO NOW?



THEN HE SAW THE MOUTH OF A WRECKED DRAIN FURTHER ALONG THE DITCH...



NEXT MOMENT HE WAS SQUEEZING HIS WAY ALONG IT, USING HIS TORCH...



AT LAST HE FOUND AN INSPECTION COVER AND HIS NERVES GREW TAUT AS HE FORCED IT OPEN -





CLIMBING OUT HE RACED ALONG THE STREET. TWO GERMANS ROUNDED A CORNER AND MET HIM FACE TO FACE —



THEN JOE WAS RIGHT UP TO THE STRONGPOINT. HE DREW THE PIN OF A GRENADE AND TOSSED IT IN ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS... ANOTHER FOLLOWED —



SHARE THIS AMONGST YOU!

BEFORE THE GERMAN SURVIVORS COULD RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE JOE HAD CLAMBERED INTO THE REAR ROOM —



AAGH-H!

MEANWHILE TOM STAGG HAD HEARD THE GRENADES EXPLODING INSIDE THE STRONG-POINT. IT WAS THE CHANCE HE'D BEEN PRAYING FOR —



THE BIG MAN WENT CRASHING THROUGH THE DOOR IN A SHOWER OF SPLINTERED WOOD. THE GERMANS HESITATED TO SHOOT FOR FEAR OF HITTING EACH OTHER...



THE OLD FIRM AGAIN, EH, JOE?

WOUNDED IN THE LEG, JOE RIPPED OUT A DEADLY BURST JUST AS A GERMAN OFFICER FIRED AT TOM.



TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER, FRITZ!

THEN IT WAS ALL OVER, AND AS THE REST OF THE PARACHUTE COMPANY SWEEPED INTO RANCOURT FROM THE NORTH, JOE ASKED THE QUESTION THAT HAD BEEN GNAWING AT HIM —



HOW WAS IT YOU HANDLED ME SO EASILY BACK THERE IN THE DITCH, TOM? YOU BEEN PRACTISING JUDO IN SECRET?

JOE, I'VE BEEN A JUDO 'BLACK BELT' FOR TWO YEARS — BESIDES BEING NEARLY TWICE AS BIG AS YOU! I LET YOU BEAT ME THAT TIME, ON PURPOSE...



YOU WHAT?

I PUT ON AN ACT. YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO SMALL TO BE ANY GOOD — AND IF YOU'D GONE ON LIKE THAT YOU'D NEVER HAVE MADE THE GRADE. SO I KIDDED YOU TILL YOU BLEW UP — AND THEN I LET YOU Clobber ME... SO YOU KNEW YOUR SIZE DIDN'T MATTER A BIT!

JOE NODDED. IT WAS ALL TRUE — IT WAS 'BEATING' BIG TOM THAT HAD GIVEN HIM THE CONFIDENCE HE NEEDED.



IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A LOT IN PRIDE. WHY DID YOU DO IT FOR ME?

WELL, YOUR BROTHER AND I WERE GREAT PALS. HE GOT ME OUT OF A FEW SCRAPES, SO I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU OUT!

AND AS ROCK FINISHED HIS STORY —



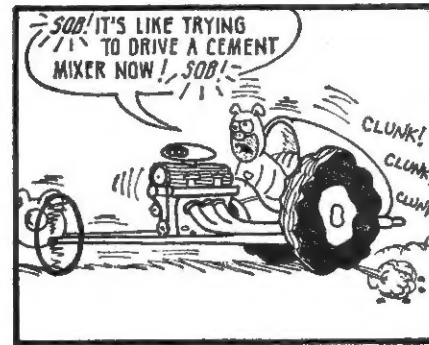
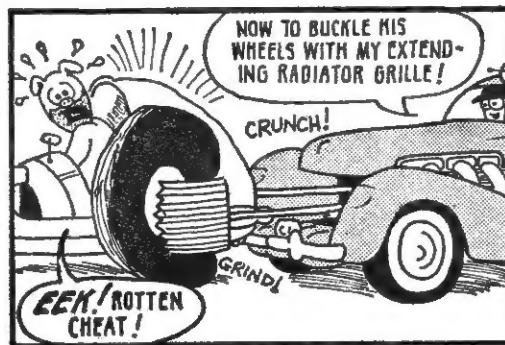
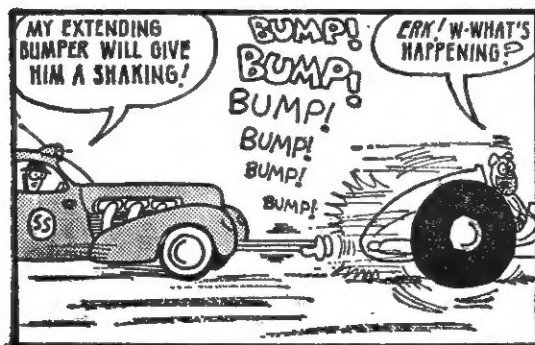
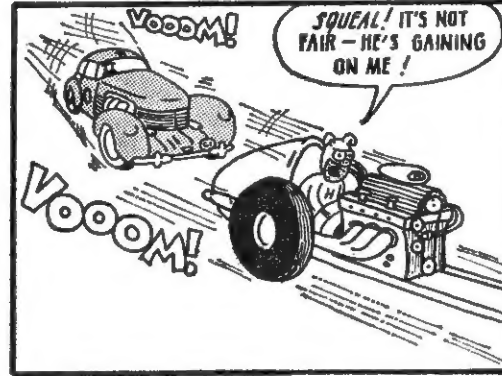
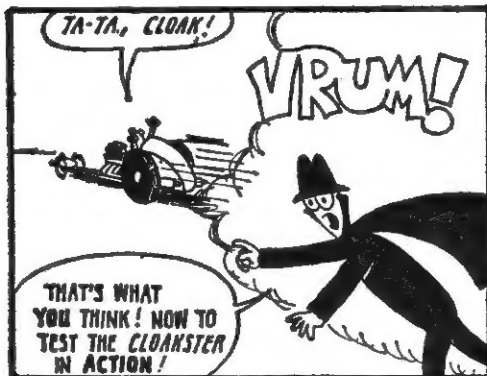
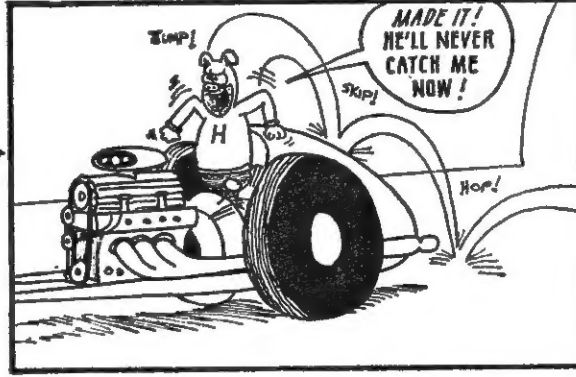
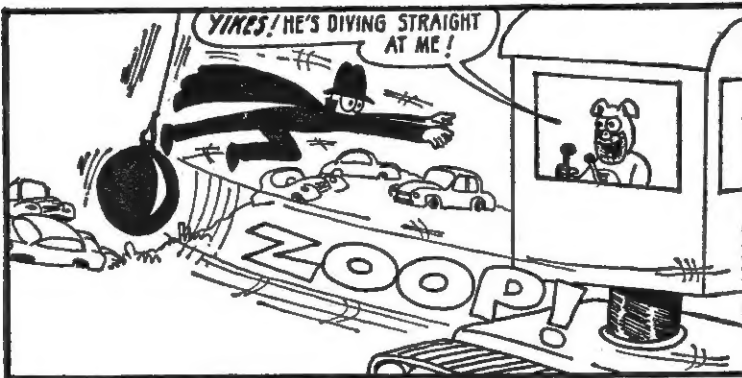
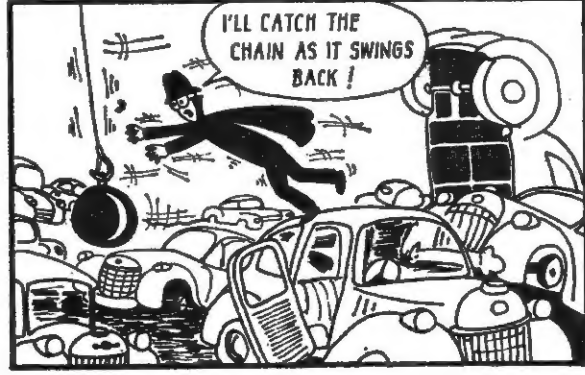
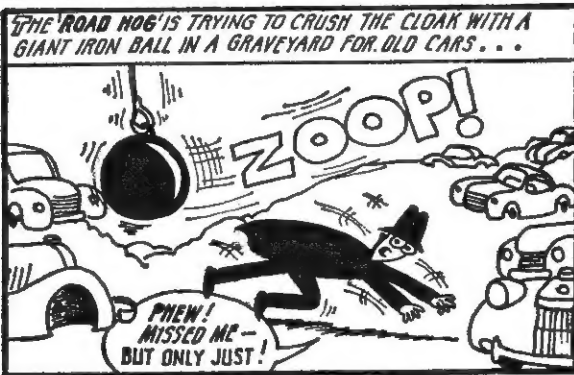
SO THERE YOU ARE, LAD! IF JOE PARSON COULD DO IT, SO CAN YOU! SIZE ISN'T EVERYTHING — AND I KNOW A GOOD MAN WHEN I SEE ONE!

THANKS, SARGE! YOU WON'T BE WRONG! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

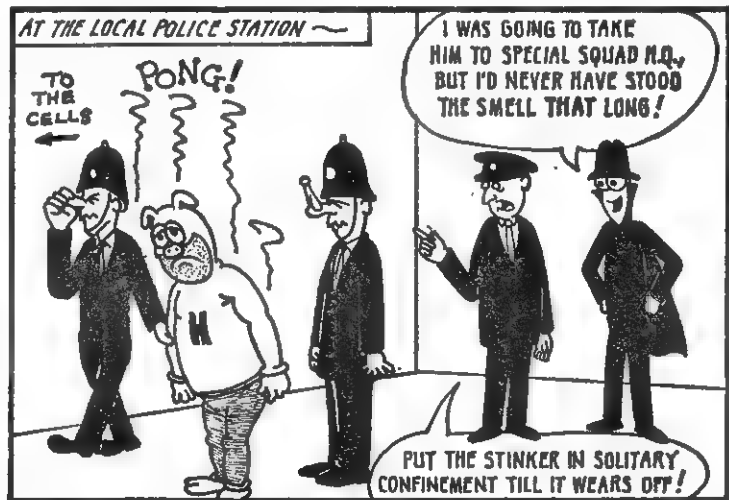
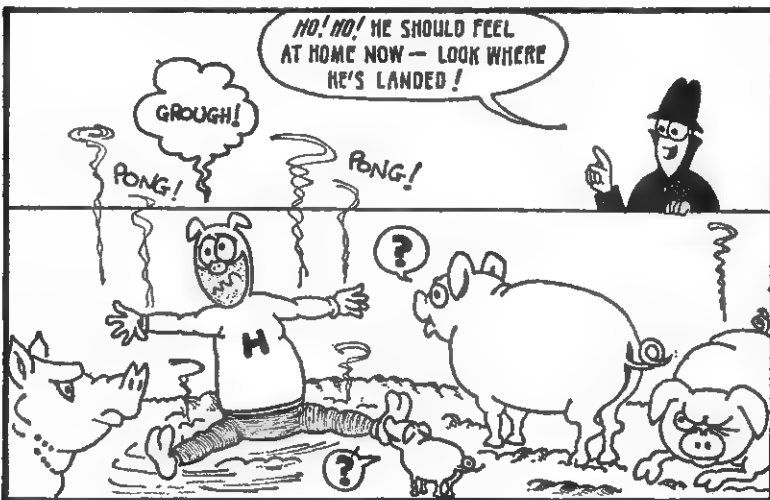
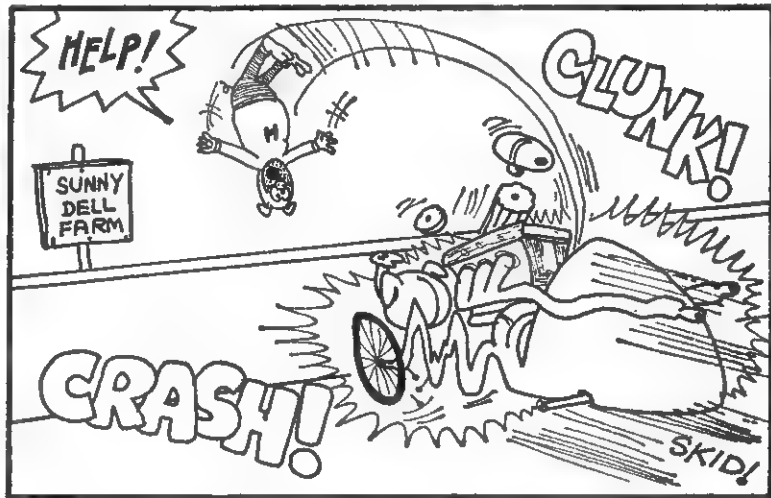
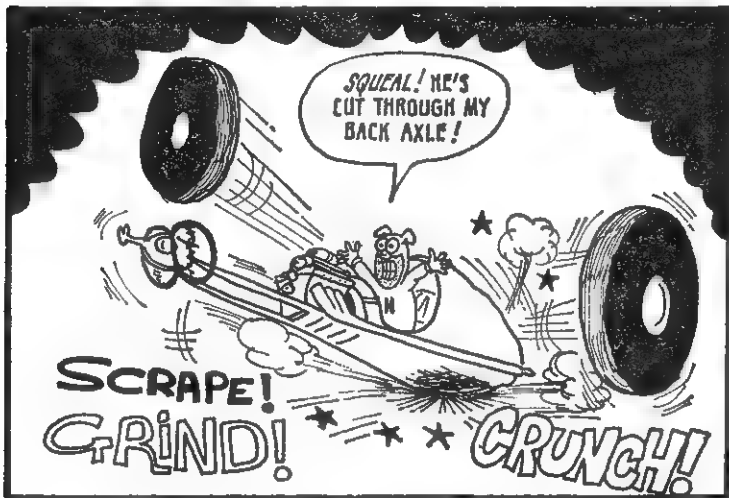
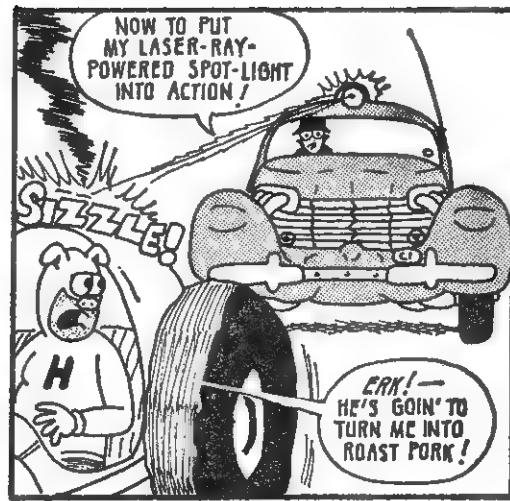
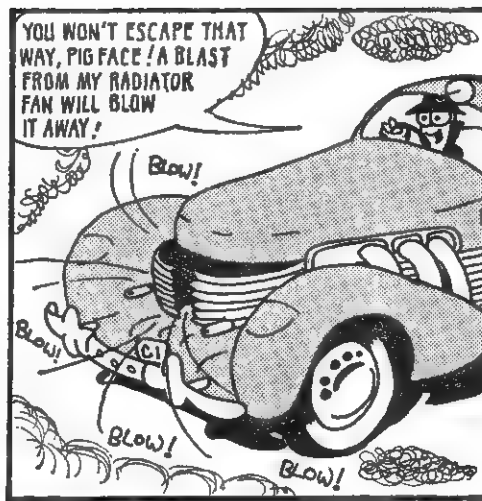
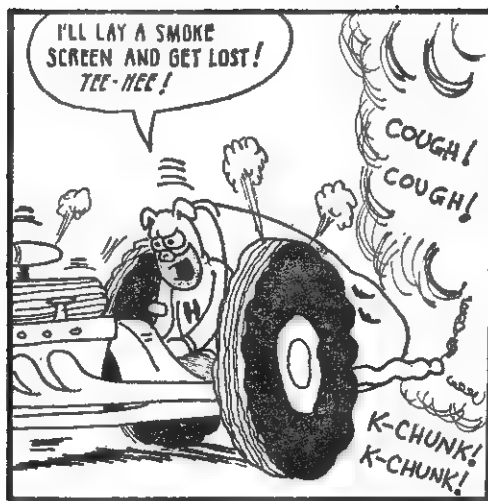
SGT. ROCK RETURNS NEXT WEEK WITH A GREAT NEW WAR STORY!



# THE CLOAK



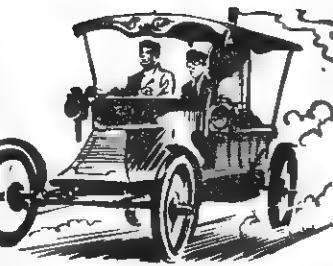








# Bunsen's Burner



DUSTY

BEN

IN HIS WILL, AN ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD LEFT BEN BUNSEN A FORTUNE ... PROVIDED HE WAS ABLE TO JOURNEY A TEMPERAMENTAL STEAM-DRIVEN CAR AROUND THE WORLD. BECAUSE BEN COULDN'T EVEN DRIVE, RALLY DRIVER DUSTY MYLES AGREED TO GO ALONG AND HANDLE "BUNSEN'S BURNER"... BUT HE HADN'T REALISED JUST HOW MUCH TROUBLE WAS IN STORE FOR THEM BOTH...

BEN'S RASCALLY COUSIN NICHOLAS SMIRKED AT THE SOUND OF A DISTANT EXPLOSION...

HEAR THAT? THE FUMES FROM THOSE KNOCK-OUT CAPSULES I PUT IN THAT BONE-SHAKER'S FUEL HAVE DONE THEIR WORK!

**BOOOOOM!**



YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS! THE TWO OF 'EM MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP... AND NOW THEY'VE CRASHED!

BUT THE DAMAGE CAUSED HAD BEEN OF THE BURNER'S OWN MAKING...

DUSTY, SHE'S BUSTED HER BOILER!

AND NO WONDER! GET A WHIFF OF THAT SMOKE SHE'S GUSHING OUT! SOMEBODY'S BEEN PLANTING CHEMICALS IN THE FUEL!



OH, DEAR! MORE OF COUSIN NICHOLAS'S WORK, I PRESUME!

**GARAGE**

WHO ELSE? HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO STANDS TO GET YOUR UNCLE'S FORTUNE IF YOU FAIL TO GET THIS CREAKING OLD CROCK AROUND THE WORLD!



THE ANCIENT STEAM-CAR WAS PUSHED TO A NEARBY GARAGE...

FOR A COUPLE OF QUID I CAN FIX IT! BUT IF I WAS YOU, I'D SELL IT TO A SCRAP MERCHANT! YOU MIGHT EVEN GET A FIVER FOR IT!



DUSTY, I'M GETTING SO I FEEL NERVOUS WHEN ANYONE'S RUDE ABOUT THE BURNER! I'LL SWEAR THAT OLD TIN-CAN UNDERSTANDS EVERY WORD... THEN WE HAVE TO SUFFER BECAUSE SHE GETS UPSET!

BEN'S RUTHLESS RELATIVE WAS ALSO FEELING UPSET...

BOSS, SHE DIDN'T CRASH!

I CAN SEE THAT, CLOD! IT SHOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO CLOBBER THAT CROCK... BUT IT'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAGEFUL OF CATS!



BUT IF I'M GOING TO BE RICH, WE MUST STOP HER! WE MUST!

WE'LL HAVE TO THINK FAST AS TO HOW, BOSS. A FEW HOURS MORE AND THEY'LL HAVE REACHED THE CROSS-CHANNEL FERRY!



...AND SO, ONE HOUR LATER...

ROAD CLOSED! JUST OUR LUCK! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT OTHER DODGY-LOOKING ROUTE... AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



IT'S WORKED, BOSS! THEY'RE TURNING STRAIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

THE OTHER ROAD WAS EVEN DODGIER THAN DUSTY HAD THOUGHT...

FOREMAN'S OFF SICK WITH A COLD! NO-ONE TO PUSH US AROUND! WE CAN SIT HERE, KEEP OUT OF SIGHT... AND TAKE IT NICE AND EASY!



DUSTY, THIS ISN'T A ROAD AT ALL! JUST A TRACK TO A BUILDING SITE! BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN TELL US WHICH WAY WE DO GO!

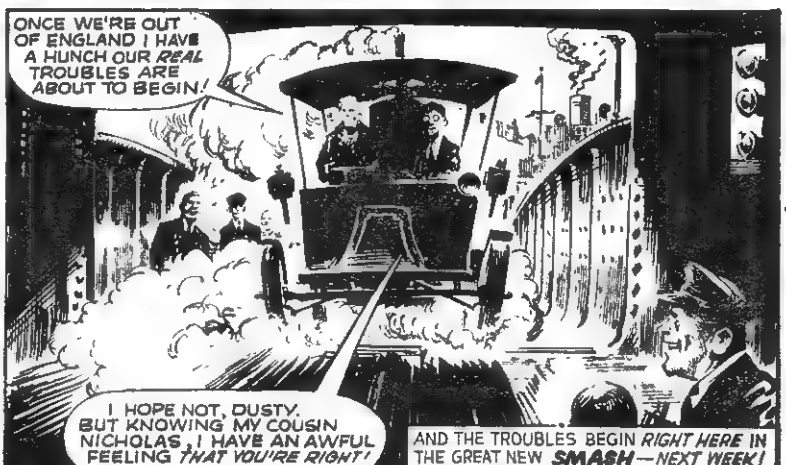
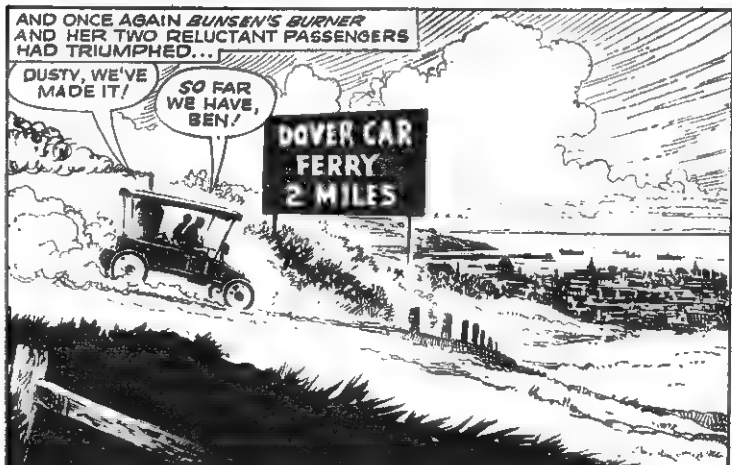
THEN COUSIN NICHOLAS BEGAN HIS ARMOURD ASSAULT...

DUSTY, LOOK!



UP LADS, AND AT 'EM! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

CRIPES! WE'RE GOING TO GET BULLDOZED!





# Fantastic Four

**"LO, THERE SHALL BE AN ENDING!"**

**THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, HAVING BRAINWASHED THE THING INTO HELPING THEM, ARE ATTACKING THE REST OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, AND HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING THE TORCH. BUT NOW, REED AND SUE HAVE RECAPTURED THE THING, AND TRIED TO COUNTERACT THE THING'S CONDITIONING. AS THEY WAIT WITH BAITED BREATH FOR THE RESULTS, THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR RENEW THEIR ATTACK.....**

FLYING NOISELESSLY, MANOEUVRING EFFORTLESSLY, THE WIZARD'S WONDERFUL ANTI-GRAV AIRSHIP ZEROS IN FOR A LANDING ATOP THE MOST FAMOUS HEADQUARTERS' BUILDING IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE....

ALL OF US AGAINST RICHARDS AND THE GIRL! IT'LL BE A CINCH!

DON'T BE A FOOL, TRAPSTER! FIGHTING ANY PART OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR IS NEVER A CINCH! YOU WILL FOLLOW MY PLAN TO THE LETTER!

THE WIZ MUSTA GROWN UP ON OLD BASIL RATHBONE MOVIES, BABY!

QUIET, SANDMAN! WE'RE LANDING!

OKAY, BIG BRAIN! NOW THAT WE GOT HERE, HOW DO WE GET IN? RICHARDS AINT LIKELY TO LEAVE ANY DOORS WIDE OPEN WITH WELCOME SIGNS ON 'EM!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR OWN UNIQUE POWERS, SANDMAN? YOU WILL ALTER YOUR BODY MOLECULES TO THE THINNEST SAND PARTICLES, AND FILTER INTO ANY CRACKS IN THE ROOF, NO MATTER HOW SMALL MAY BE!

WELL DONE! NOW QUICKLY--REVERSE THE PROCESS AND MAKE YOUR BODY ROCK HARD BEFORE THEY CAN BE ALERTED!

THEN WE WILL FOLLOW PLAN 'A'! WE MUST NOT FAIL!

GOOD, GOOD! KEEP APPLYING MAXIMUM PRESSURE! THE ROOM IS BEGINNING TO CRACK! THAT'S IT--JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE--!

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT! WHEN I NEED A BACKSEAT KIBITZER, I'LL ASK FOR ONE!

PERFECT! YOU PEELED THE LAST LAYER OF STEEL BACK LIKE A BANANA SKIN!

NOW WE'RE READY FOR OUR GREATEST ATTACK--OUR FINAL VICTORY!

MY BATTERY-POWERED BRAIN-WAVE DEFINER SHOWS A DEFINITE CHANGE IN HIS BASIC ID PATTERN--!

BUT--IS IT FOR THE BETTER--OR WORSE--?

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BUILDING...

SUPPOSE YOU LET US ANSWER THAT?!!

REED! LOOK OUT!!!

MEDUSA!

NOT JUST MEDUSA, RICHARDS! THE ENTIRE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, IN FULL STRIKING FORCE!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

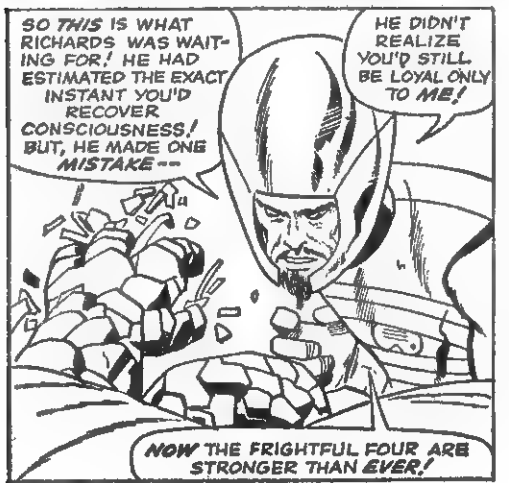
C'MON--LET'S SMASH INTO 'EM!

NO NEED FOR US TO WAGE BATTLE AGAIN! THEY WON'T DARE RESIST US THIS TIME!

GUESS AGAIN, WIZARD! I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME! EVEN SINGLE-HANDED, I'LL OUT-FIGHT ALL FOUR OF YOU!

NOT SINGLE-HANDED, MY DARLING! I'M AT YOUR SIDE!

BUT, THEY LOOK SO CONFIDENT--AS THOUGH THEY HAVE AN ACE-IN-THE HOLE!





AND, DIRECTLY OUTSIDE THE THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, THE EVENT WHICH GREET'S OUR EYES PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT AMONG THE WORLD'S MOST DARING STRATEGISTS, REED RICHARDS IS STILL THE UNCHALLENGED MASTER!

THE DISC LOST ITS POWER! AND I'VE REGAINED MINE! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...



CAN AN UNINVITED GUEST CRASH YOUR LITTLE PARTY, GANG?

YOU CAN RELAX YOUR FORCE FIELD, SIS! I'LL KEEP THESE CREEPS BUSY FOR A WHILE!

JOHNNY! OH, THANK HEAVENS!



THE TORCH! NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!



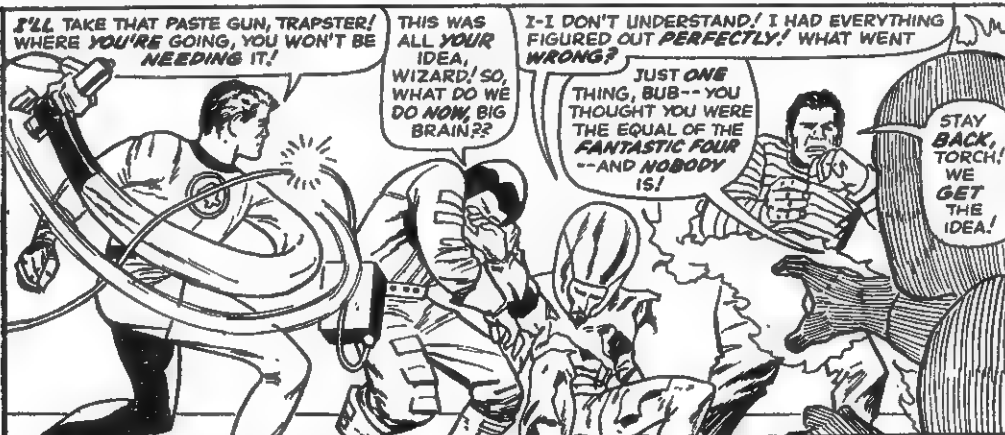
I'LL TAKE THAT PASTE GUN, TRAPSTER! WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T BE NEEDING IT!

THIS WAS ALL YOUR IDEA, WIZARD! SO, WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BIG BRAIN??

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT PERFECTLY! WHAT WENT WRONG?

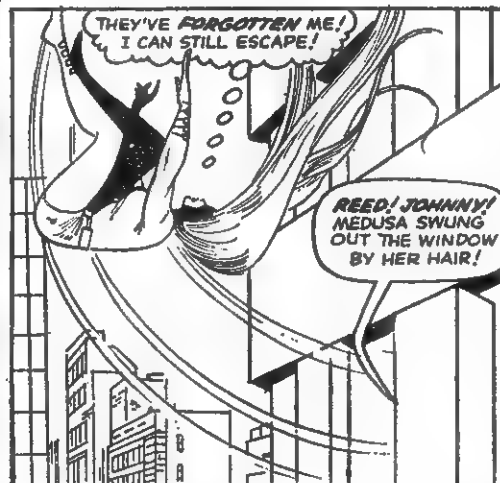
JUST ONE THING, BUB-- YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE THE EQUAL OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR --AND NOBODY IS!

STAY BACK, TORCH! WE GET THE IDEA!



THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ME! I CAN STILL ESCAPE!

REED! JOHNNY! MEDUSA SWUNG OUT THE WINDOW BY HER HAIR!



I'LL CATCH HER WITH MY FORCE FIELD!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR SHARE, SIS!

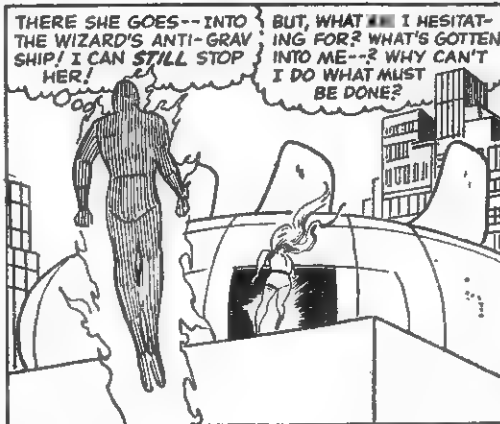
JOHNNY! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

LET ME HANDLE THIS!



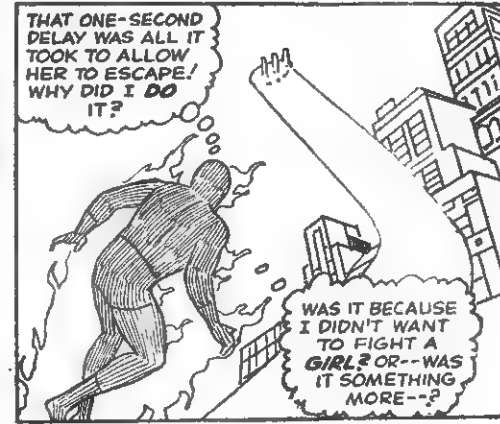
THERE SHE GOES-- INTO THE WIZARD'S ANTI-GRAV SHIP! I CAN STILL STOP HER!

BUT, WHAT I HESITATING FOR? WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO ME--? WHY CAN'T I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE?



THAT ONE-SECOND DELAY WAS ALL IT TOOK TO ALLOW HER TO ESCAPE! WHY DID I DO IT?

WAS IT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT A GIRL? OR-- WAS IT SOMETHING MORE--?



THAT WAS FAST WORK, JOHNNY! I'M JUST CALLING THE POLICE NOW!

DID SHE GET AWAY?

YEAH! SHE TOOK OFF IN THE ANTI-GRAV SHIP! I COULDN'T CATCH IT!

WAIT! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S MEDUSA?



THEN, AS THE TORCH TAKES THE THREE DEFEATED CROOKS TO JAIL...

WHAT ABOUT BEN? WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT?

I THINK SO, DEAR! HE JUST NEEDS SOME REST NOW!

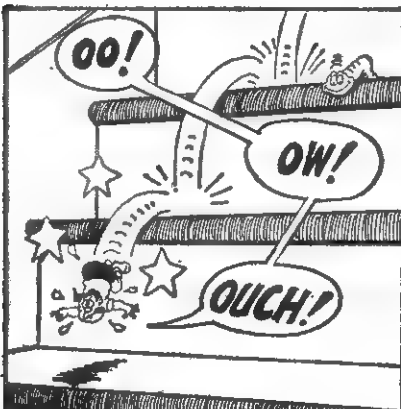
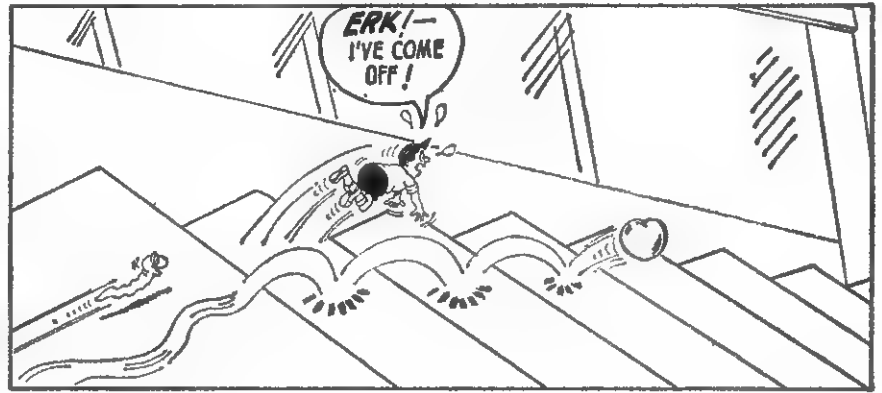
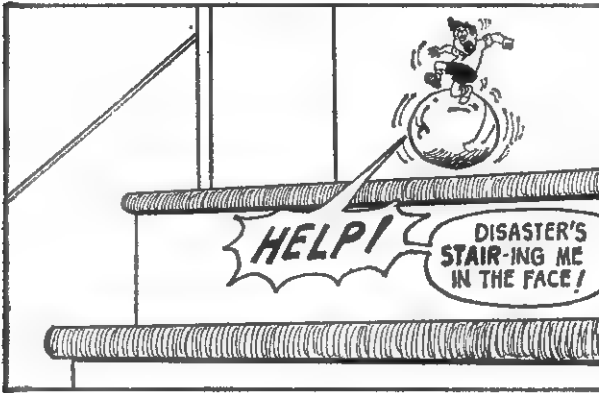
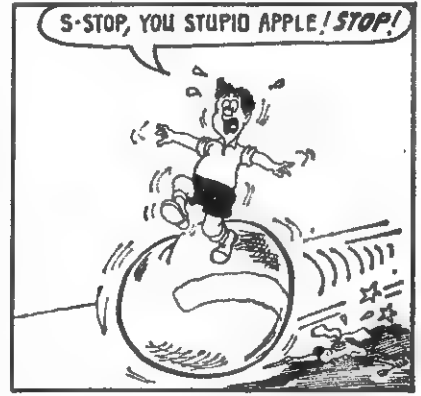
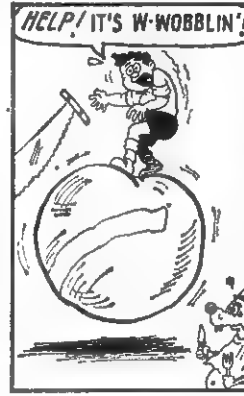
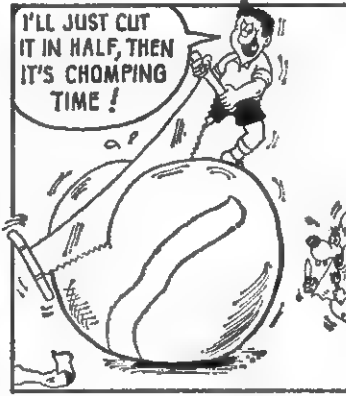
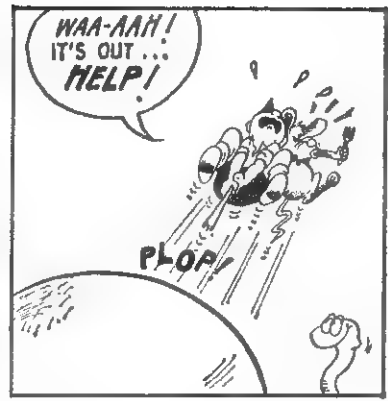
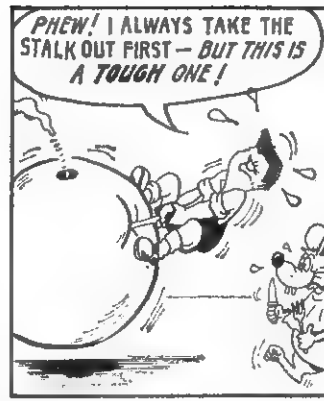
WHEN HE GETS HIS STRENGTH BACK, HE'LL BE THE SAME AS HE WAS BEFORE THE WIZARD CAPTURED HIM!

YOU KNOW IT, STRETCH!

THE END



# SAMMY SHRINK



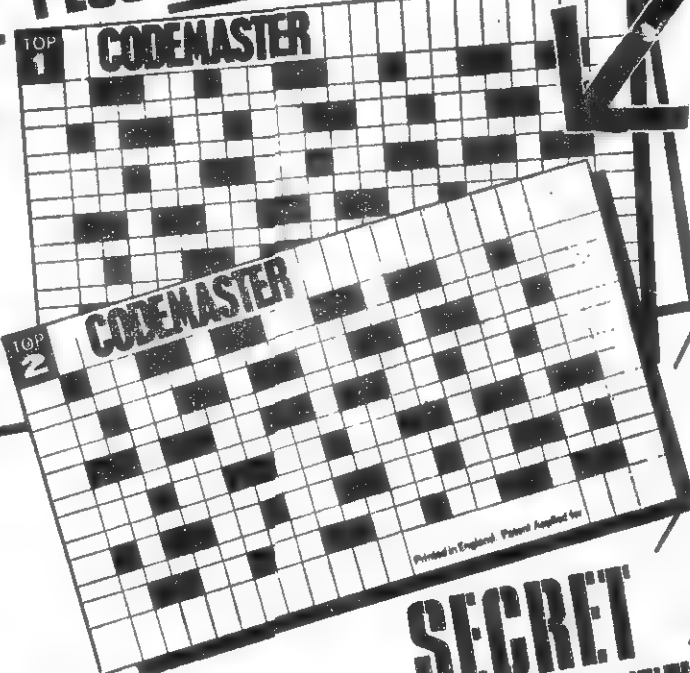


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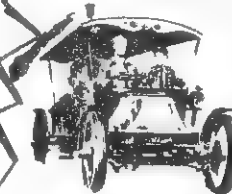
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Building labourer  
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discovers he's really  
an Earl. He's also  
inherited five million  
pounds—but there  
are shocks in store!



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The exciting  
story of two  
boys, a tem-  
peramental old  
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and their jour-  
ney around the  
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The Rebel  
brothers —  
Mike, Tug and  
Rupert — are  
orphans. And  
rather than  
split up, they  
decide to run  
away!



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ordinary, Janus Stark  
is a man of mystery,  
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yet to meet PATCHMAN,  
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THE AMAZING  
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— FREE IN THE  
FOLLOWING ISSUE.

(COMPLETE WITH AMMUNITION!)

# THE TALISMAN OF TAKAR

**YOUR SMASH! SHORT STORY**

AS KARL HOHLER, A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER, FLED FROM THE VICTORIOUS 8TH ARMY, HE NEVER REALISED THAT SOME DAY HIS INITIATIVE WOULD SAVE THE WORLD FROM SLAVERY!

HURRY, KARL, THAT ENGINE'S BEYOND REPAIR. NOW WE MUST MARCH!

JA, I KNOW. BUT I HATE TO LEAVE IT FOR THE BRITISH!



HARRY? LISTEN, I'VE A JOB FOR YOU. A GUY JUST LEFT HERE, NAME OF PROFESSOR ASPIN...

THAT'S HIM, HARRY!

O.K. HERE GOES!

1968. IN HIS LUXURY WASHINGTON MANSION, MILLIONAIRE SETH DEACON HAS A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

I NEED A BACKER, MR. DEACON, FOR THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF MY LIFE! HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE TALISMAN OF TAKAR?

YEAH, IT'S SUPPOSED TO GIVE ITS OWNER POWER OVER ALL MANKIND. IT'S A FAIRY TALE!

IT'S NOT! THIS GIVES IT'S EXACT LOCATION, IN THE TOMB OF ABUKAIRUS—AND I KNOW IT'S GENUINE!

I'M TEMPTED TO BELIEVE YOU, PROFESSOR. LOOK, LEAVE IT WITH ME AND I'LL THINK IT OVER.

NEXT DAY, THE DEATH OF THE LATE OWNER OF THE TALISMAN IS ANNOUNCED IN THE NEWSPAPERS. SETH DEACON IS NOW ITS SOLE OWNER—AND HE INTENDS TO USE IT!

I'M TAKING A VACATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST, DAN, AND I'LL WANT YOU TO ARRANGE THE DETAILS.



SURE, MR. DEACON! JUST LEAVE IT ALL TO ME.

BUT SETH DEACON FINDS THE DESERT ARABS LESS ACCOMMODATING!

THEY WANT TO STOP HERE. THEY SAY THE DESERT AHEAD IS HAUNTED!

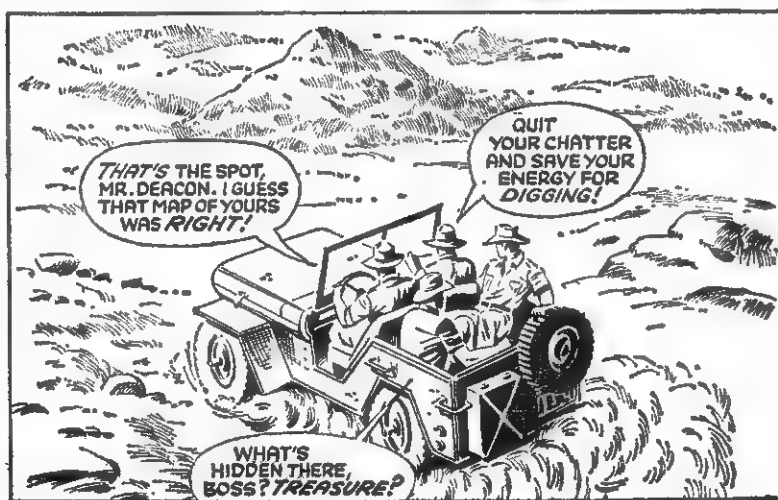
O.K., THEN PAY THEM OFF! WE'LL TAKE THE JEEP AND GO ON WITHOUT THEM!



THAT'S THE SPOT, MR. DEACON. I GUESS THAT MAP OF YOURS WAS RIGHT!

QUIT YOUR CHATTER AND SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR DIGGING!

WHAT'S HIDDEN THERE, BOSS? TREASURE?







SHALL I GO INSIDE, BOSS?

NO, GIVE ME THE TORCH. I'LL GO FIRST!



THE TALISMAN OF TAKAR! AND IT'S MINE!



SETH DEACON'S HIRELINGS CANNOT RESIST THE TALISMAN'S BALEFUL INFLUENCE!

LET'S SEE IF THIS THING WORKS. I DON'T NEED YOU GUYS ANY MORE, SO DROP YOUR GUNS AND WATER BOTTLES.

I...! FEEL DIZZY! I CAN'T DISOBEY, YET I WANT TO...

WE MUST OBEY... OBEY...



HEAD INTO THE DESERT AND WALK TILL YOU DIE! THOSE ARE MY ORDERS!

WE OBEY, MASTER...



SETH DRIVES OFF, LEAVING HIS MEN TO THEIR FATE.

THOSE GUYS KNEW TOO MUCH FOR THEIR OWN GOOD! BESIDES, WITH THE TALISMAN, I DON'T NEED ANYONE TO HELP ME ANY MORE!



BUT THE TALISMAN CANNOT INFLUENCE MACHINERY, AS SETH DISCOVERS WHEN THE ENGINE FALTERS!

CURSE YOU, HOW DARE YOU BREAK DOWN! START, I COMMAND YOU! START!



THEN, AS SETH STARTS TO WALK...

IT'S LUCKY I GOT RID OF THOSE OTHERS! I'VE STILL ENOUGH WATER TO REACH THE NEAREST OASIS!



SUDDENLY SETH SEES A VEHICLE IN THE DISTANCE.

A VEHICLE! I'LL MAKE THEM CARRY ME... HECK, IT'S AN OLD TANK, LEFT FROM THE WAR!



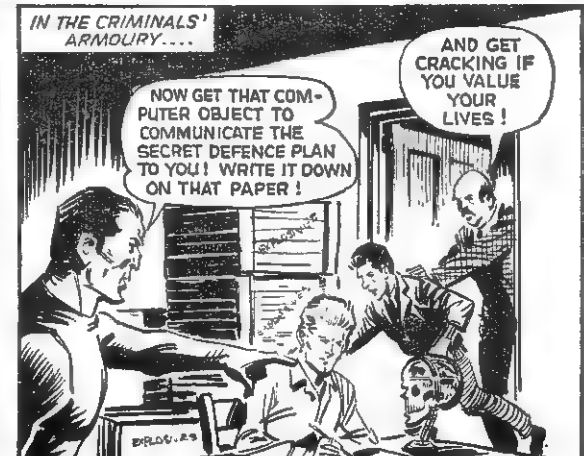
I'LL REST HERE IN THE SHADE UNTIL EVENING. I CAN STILL REACH THE OASIS BY DAWN!



BUT THE BOOBY TRAP KARL HOHLER HAD SET A QUARTER OF A CENTURY BEFORE HAS NOT BEEN HARMED IN THE DRY DESERT ATMOSPHERE.

AS SETH DEACON DISCOVERS—TOO LATE!

# BRIAN'S BRAIN





THE WEIRD LIGHT GLOWS FROM THE BRAIN...

IF THEY GET THE PLAN, BRAIN, THE WESTERN COUNTRIES WILL BE AT THEIR MERCY! WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

WE MUST STALL FOR TIME, BRIAN. START WRITING THE FORMULA AND DIAGRAM AS I TELL YOU...

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING COMING FROM THE COMPUTER!

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HEAR THE MESSAGES GIVEN BY THE BRAIN!

THE BRAIN SAYS THAT'S THE DEFENCE PLAN!

WE'LL SOON KNOW! PUT THE HEAD IN THAT BOX AND BRING IT WITH YOU! YOU'RE COMING WITH US AS HOSTAGES!

THE BOYS ARE HUSTLED OUTSIDE.

THE MILITARY WON'T STOP US! WE'VE GOT GUNS, AMMO, GRENADES, AND THIS CRATE OF EXPLOSIVE!

IN THE CAR, YOU TWO!

OBEY HIM, BRIAN—THEN DIVE OUT THE OTHER SIDE!



COME ON, DUFFY!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

HOT AT YOU TWO! MY RADIONIC SENSES TELL ME THAT THE MILITARY HAVE TRAILED YOU HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN, BRAIN! EXCEPT THAT THOSE TWO CRIMINALS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH THE VITAL DEFENCE PLAN!

NO, BRIAN! WHEN I DICTATED THE PLAN TO YOU, I LEFT OUT A KEY PART OF THE FORMULA!

AS BRIAN PUTS THE BRAIN SAFELY IN THE BOX...

JUMPING SNAKES! A BULLET MUST HAVE HIT THE EXPLOSIVES IN THE GETAWAY CAR!

GREY SHADOW AND THE CRIMINAL WHO CALLED HIMSELF BAXTER WILL THREATEN THE WORLD NO MORE! ARE YOU BOYS ALL RIGHT—AND CAN THE DEFENCE PLAN STILL BE RESTORED TO THE AUTHORITIES?

YOU BET IT CAN, CAPTAIN! THE SOONER THE BETTER!

LATER THAT DAY...

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT! BUT YOU'VE WRITTEN OUT THE DEFENCE PLAN PERFECTLY FOR US!

TRANSPORT IS WAITING TO TAKE YOU BOTH BACK TO THE CIRCUS WHERE YOU WERE STAYING!

WELCOME TO THE CIRCUS

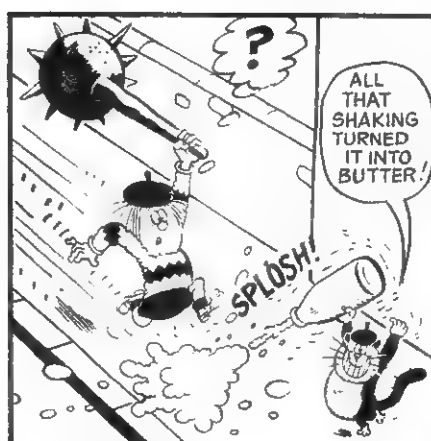
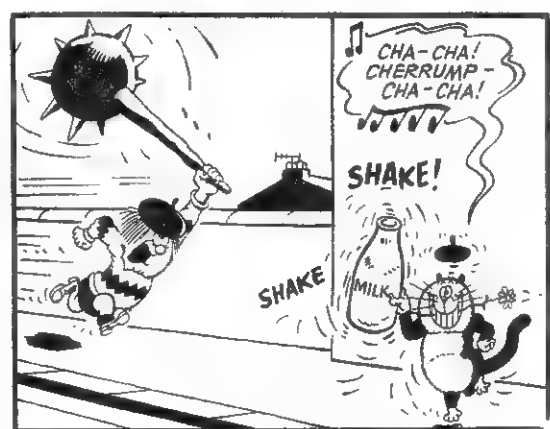
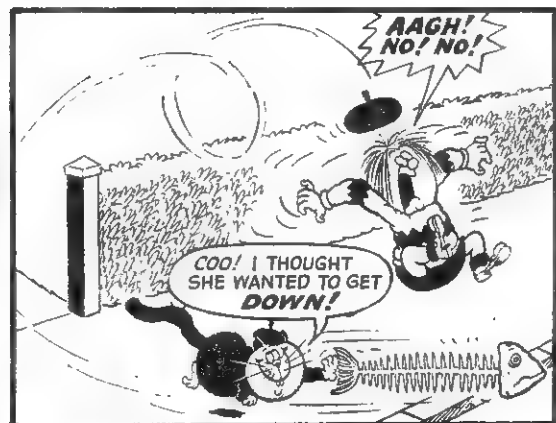
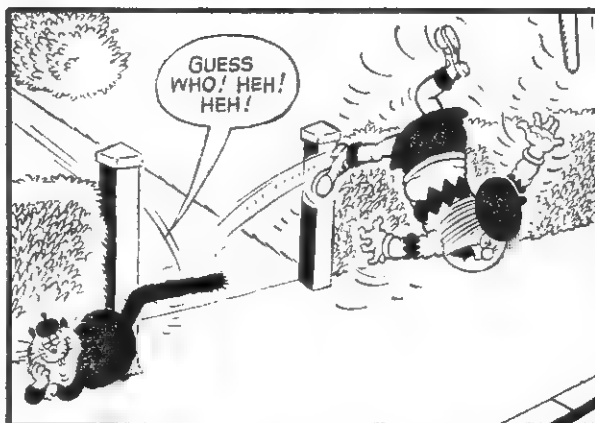
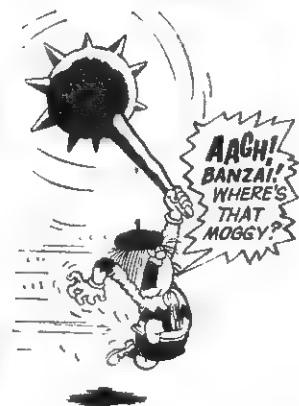
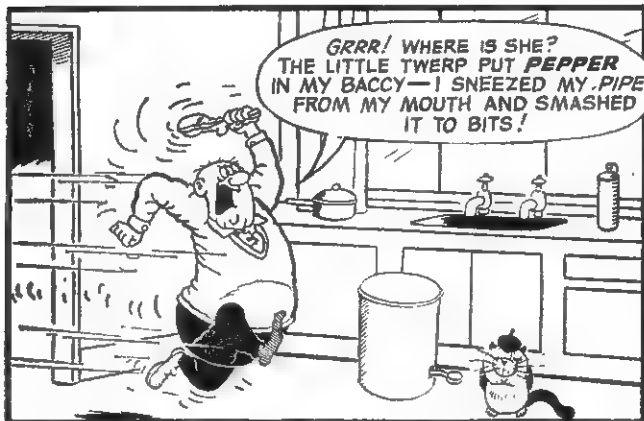
THERE'S MY UNCLE BERT AND EVERYBODY TO WELCOME US, BRIAN! AND THERE'S RICKY, THE TRAPEZE BOY, OUT OF HOSPITAL AND FIT AGAIN!

AND, THANKS TO THE BRAIN, NO PLANS TO WORRY ABOUT—EXCEPT PLANS FOR A GOOD TIME!

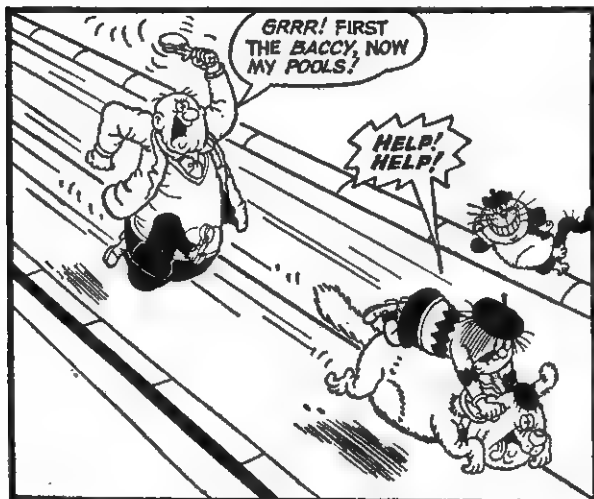
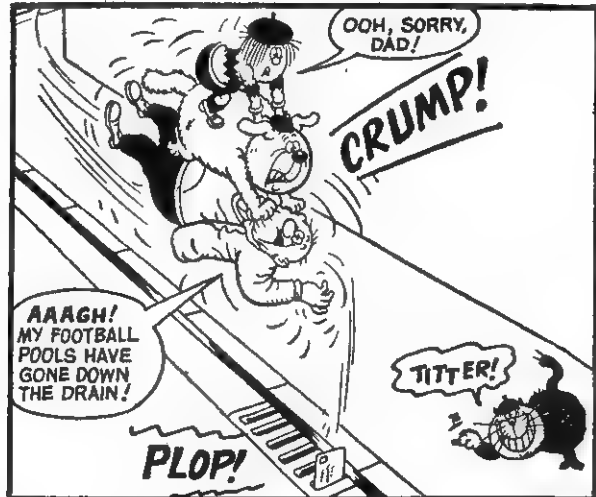
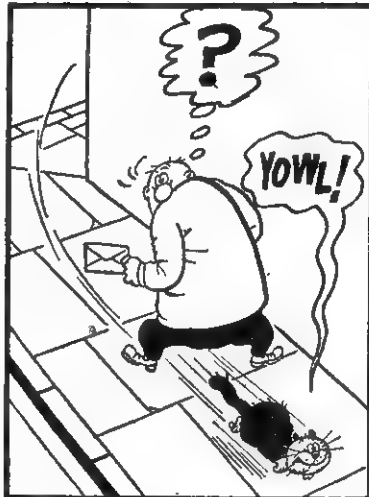
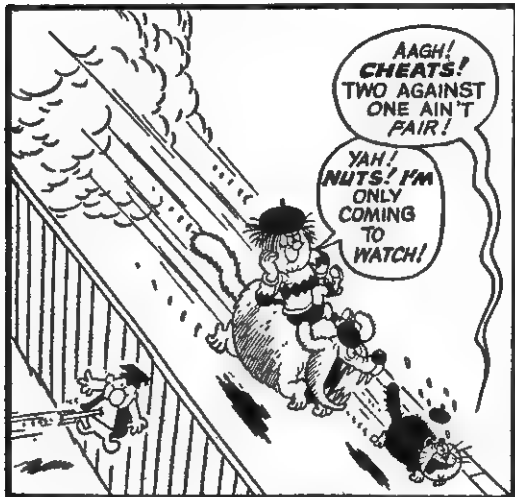
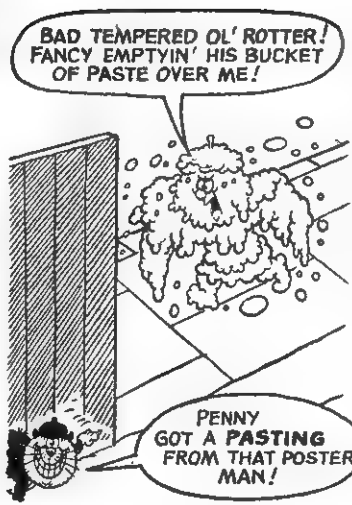
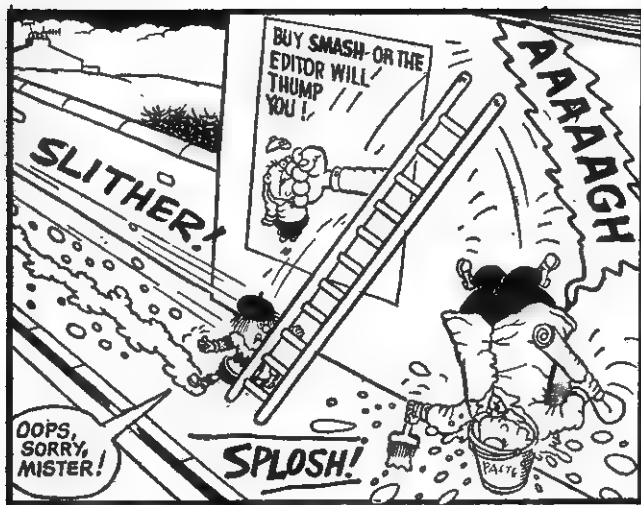
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# BAD PENNY





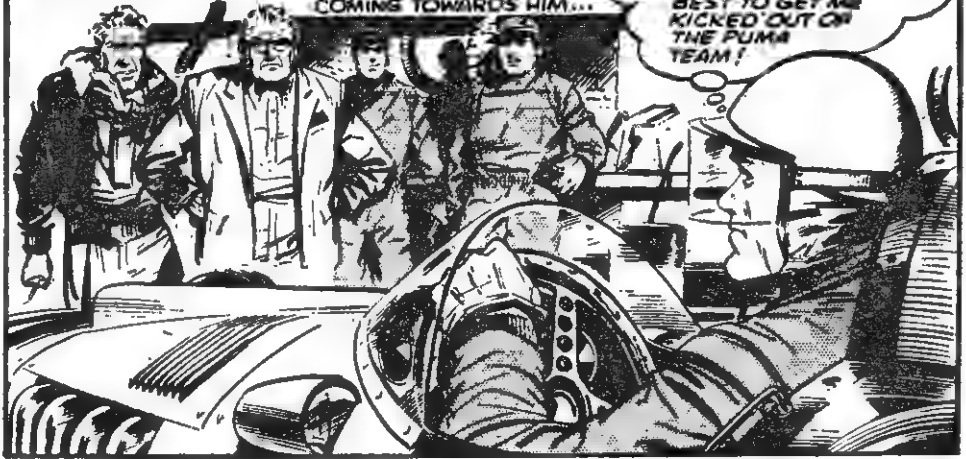


# DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING MOTORIST, WAS DRIVING FOR PUMA CARS IN THE U.S.A. BEFORE A BIG RACE HE OVERHEARD PUMAS' ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, PLOTTING WITH NERO AUTOS, AN UNSCRUPULOUS RIVAL FIRM, TO MAKE PUMAS LOSE. JEFF'S CAR CAUGHT FIRE DURING THE RACE, SO JEFF KNOCKED OUT VIC STAFFORD, TOOK OVER THE TRAITOR'S CAR—AGAINST ORDERS—AND MANAGED TO WIN THE RACE.

AS JEFF PULLED UP, HE SAW HIS BITTER ENEMY, VIC STAFFORD, AND THE BOSS OF PUMA MOTORS COMING TOWARDS HIM...

HERE COMES TROUBLE! STAFFORD WILL DO HIS BEST TO GET ME KICKED OUT OF THE PUMA TEAM!



ED BREDON, THE PUMA BOSS, STRODE UP TO JEFF...



JACKSON, ALTHOUGH YOU DROVE MY CAR BRILLIANTLY, I CANNOT OVERLOOK THAT YOU STRUCK STAFFORD AND DISOBEYED PIT SIGNALS!

VIC STAFFORD BROKE IN, SAVAGELY!

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BREDON. EITHER YOU SACK JACKSON, OR I LEAVE PUMAS FOR GOOD!



YOU WON'T BE ANY LOSS TO PUMAS, STAFFORD! YOU'RE A TRAITOR IN THE PAY OF NERO AUTOS! I OVERHEARD YOU PLOTTING AT THEIR FACTORY. YOU CAUSED MY CAR TO BURN OUT—AND THAT'S WHY I SLAMMED YOU!



THAT'S A VERY SERIOUS ACCUSATION TO MAKE, JACKSON. WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?

JACKSON HASN'T ANY! HE'S LYING! I'VE NEVER HAD DEALINGS WITH NERO AUTOS IN MY LIFE!

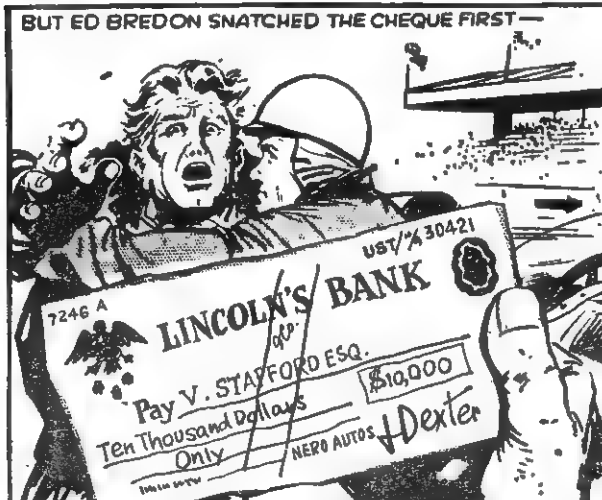


AT THAT MOMENT, JEFF'S MECCO PAL, FLOYD HALEY, BURST IN! IF YOU NEVER HAD DEALINGS WITH NERO AUTOS, STAFFORD, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS CHEQUE? IT FELL FROM YOUR WALLET WHEN JEFF KNOCKED YOU DOWN!

GIVE ME THAT—!



BUT ED BREDON SNATCHED THE CHEQUE FIRST—



WELL, STAFFORD—YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN! HOW DID YOU GET THIS? COME ON, OUT WITH IT!



STAFFORD REALISED THE GAME WAS UP. NEXT MOMENT HE SENT JEFF SPRAWLING BACKWARDS AND—

YOU'VE INTERFERED ONCE TOO OFTEN, JACKSON. I'LL FIX YOU FOR GOOD THIS TIME!





HALF-MAD WITH RAGE,  
STAFFORD RUSHED  
AT JEFF!



BUT JEFF WAS READY...



AS THE DRUM ROLLED  
TOWARDS HIM, STAFFORD  
TROD ON IT AND—



NEXT MOMENT, HE  
SHOT OVER THE  
PIT COUNTER—



ED BRETON STARED DOWN AT THE PUMA TRAITOR...



VIC STAFFORD  
CLAMBERED TO  
HIS FEET. HE  
STARTED TO  
SLINK AWAY  
AND THEN—



AS STAFFORD LEFT, BRETON LOOKED WORRIED...



BRETON'S  
FACE  
LIGHTENED...



# THE MIGHTY THOR!

## WHEN FALLS A HERO!

WITH ONLY HIS NATURAL STRENGTH TO SERVE HIM, MIGHTY THOR IS DRIVEN BACK... BACK... BACK... BY THE POUNDING POWER OF THE WRECKER! THIS TIME IT IS THOR WHO POSSESSES NO IMMORTAL POWER... WHILST HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY DOES...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HELPLESS, THUNDER GOD?

HELPLESS AGAINST THE WRECKER... WHO GOT HIS ENCHANTED POWER FROM LOKI, HIMSELF!

THOUGH I FACE MOST AWESOME ODDS...

THOR IS HELPLESS... NEVER!

BUT, NO LONGER POSSESSING THE TIRELESS ENERGY OF A TRUE IMMORTAL... THE INCALCULABLE STRAIN TAKES ITS TOLL OF THE GOLDEN AVENGER...

HAH! I KNEW IT!

THERE'S NO WAY FOR YOU TO KEEP UP THE PACE...

BUT, JUST LIKE I SAID...

NOTHIN' CAN HURT THE WRECKER!

...AND THAT INCLUDES ANY HAS-BEEN THUNDER GOD YA CAN NAME!

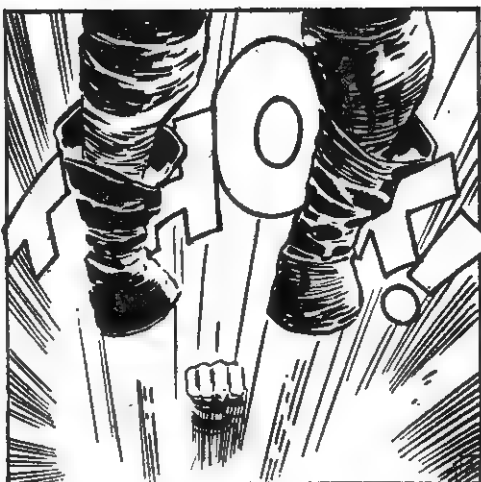
THOUGH THE ENCHANTMENT BE GONE...

NOW SHALT THOU LEARN THAT THE POWER REMAINS!

FOR ASGARD... AND HONOUR!







Have you a trick or cartoon you would like to see in SMASH?  
Send it on a postcard to:  
SMASH, 189 High Holborn,  
London, W.C.1.  
It might win 10/-

Dear Alf and Cos,  
I think your comic is a SMASH-hit, but in the Fantastic Four you say that the Invisible Girl can create a force-field which nothing can penetrate. If this is so, how can she breathe, as no oxygen would be able to reach her?  
Douglas Woolston,  
Tottenham, London, N.17.  
She can make holes in her force-field, Douglas, so she could do this to let air in...



FROM: R. HAILSTONE, NETLEY ABBEY, NR. SOUTHAMPTON

but in cases of dire emergency, there's enough air contained inside the force-field to keep her going for about five minutes, anyway.  
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,  
In SMASH 152, in the Spectre story, how did a light nearly shatter Jim Jordan's brain? Was the light used by one of the Avengers a ray? I hope you can answer this for me, as I think your comic is really fab.

Colin Stenton,  
Northwich, Cheshire.  
No, Colin, it wasn't a ray, just a special kind of light. And it wouldn't really shatter Jim's brain... that was just the Avengers' way of saying that it would drive him mad... which is slightly different, even if it is almost as bad!  
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,  
In issue 155, when Ken and Blarney were making their escape in a motorboat, one of the crooks was about to shoot but the other one said not to for fear of being heard by the police. Before this, they were shooting in the yacht, though. Will you please explain this?  
Richard Moore,  
Ballinasloe, Co. Galway.

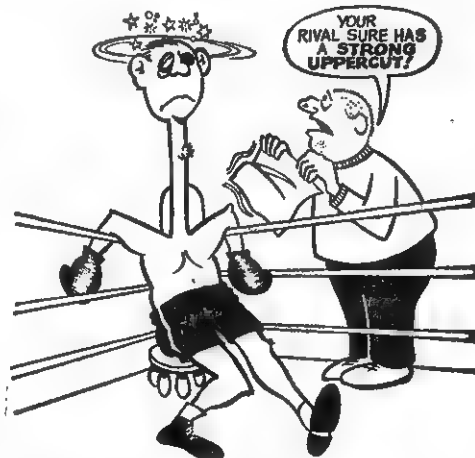
You've answered it yourself, Richard! The first shots were fired inside the yacht, where the walls absorbed some of the sound. But when the crooks were going to fire from the deck, the sound would have carried in the still night air to the shore!

Alf and Cos.  
Dear Alf and Cos,  
I'm sending you this letter to tell you just

what I think of your new story about paratroopers, Sergeant Rock... There just aren't enough words to describe it! It's fantastic! I congratulate you on a superb story, and hope it will run for a long time!

Kevin Worthington,  
Littleover, Derby.  
And so it will, Kevin, so it will... from the reactions of you other ravin' readers, we seem to have another SMASH-hit on our hands!

Alf and Cos.



FROM: P. BUCKLEY, DISLEY, CHESHIRE.

### DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

My second favourite feature is

Send the coupon with your letter to:  
Alf and Cos, SMASH, 189, High  
Holborn, London, W.C.1.

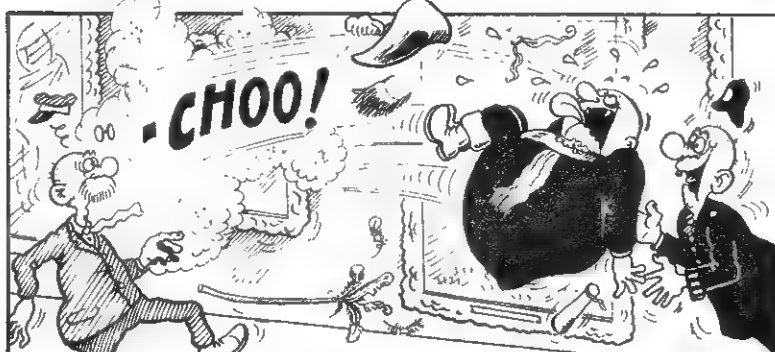
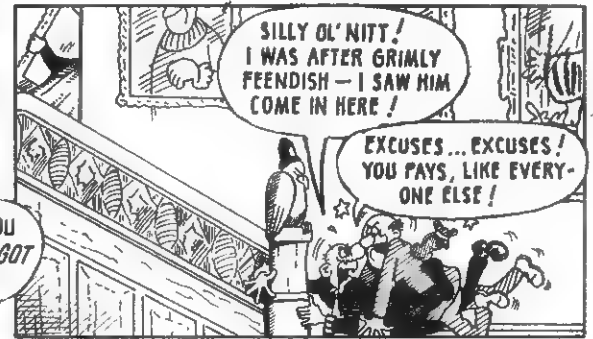
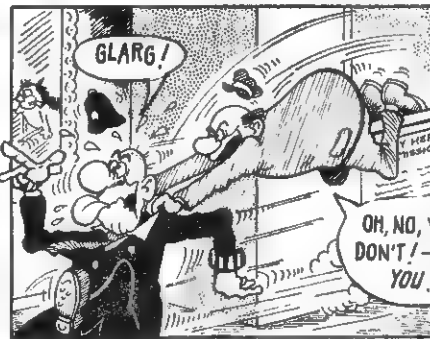
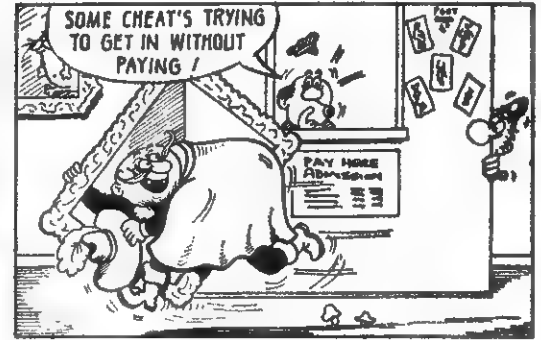


# GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!



# THE SPECTRE vs THE DEMON

THE WORLD THINKS JIM JORDAN DEAD. BUT, AS THE SPECTRE, JIM STILL WAGES HIS CEASELESS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME. IN AN OLD FAIRGROUND HOUSE OF THRILLS, JIM HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY LUCIFUS DEMMON, THE DEMON, WHO IS USING JIM AS A LIVING, MOVING TARGET.

IN THE SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE RIFLE CRACKS JIM HURLS HIMSELF SIDEWAYS.

WELL DONE! YOUR SWIFTNESS SAVED YOUR LIFE! BUT THERE ARE FIVE MORE BULLETS LEFT IN MY RIFLE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SHOOTING GALLERY ECHOES TO THE CRASH OF THE DEMON'S RIFLE. AND EACH TIME JIM DODGES DEATH BY A HAIRSBREADTH!

HE'S PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE WITH ME! HE DOESN'T WANT TO KILL ME—UNTIL HE GETS DOWN TO HIS LAST BULLET!

THE DEMON TAKES CAREFUL AIM FOR HIS FINAL SHOT.

AND NOW THE GAME IS OVER, JORDAN! THIS BULLET WILL STRIKE YOU. LET ME SEE NOW—BETWEEN THE EYES WILL BE AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY.

I'VE ONLY ONE FAINT CHANCE...AND THAT CHANCE DEPENDS UPON THE DEMON BEING A FIRST-CLASS SHOT!

SUDDEN FLAME SPURTS FROM THE RIFLE BARREL... AND IN THE SAME INSTANT JIM DUCKS AND RAISES HIS BOUND HANDS.

PRAY HEAVEN MY JUDGMENT IS RIGHT! THE ROPE BETWEEN MY HANDS HAS GOT TO BE WHERE MY EYES WERE UNTIL A FRACTION OF A SECOND AGO!

THE DEMON'S BULLET SPEEDS UNERRINGLY TO THE SPOT THAT HAD BEEN MID-CENTRE BETWEEN JIM'S EYES...

WITH A TERRIBLE HOWL OF FRUSTRATED RAGE THE DEMON THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD...

YOU SHAN'T ESCAPE ME!

...AND PARTS THE ROPE WHICH NOW OCCUPIES THAT SPOT!

DON'T BE SO CERTAIN, DEMON!

OOUFF!

JIM GRAPPLES WITH THE KNOT THAT HOLDS HIM TO THE MASSIVE STAPLE.

GOT TO FREE MYSELF...BEFORE THE DEMON GETS HIS WIND BACK!



THE DEMON HAS NO WISH TO  
FACE JIM NOW THAT HE IS FREE!

NOW IT'S  
MY TURN!

AAH!  
KEEP AWAY!

AS HE FLEES IN TERROR,  
THE DEMON FORGETS THE  
MANY TRAPS HE HAD  
PREPARED FOR JIM...  
UNTIL THE FLOOR BENEATH  
HIM GAPES OPEN.

AAHHH!

HELP ME! I BEG OF YOU!  
THESE SPIKES ARE OPERATED  
BY THE OPENING OF THE  
TRAP DOOR! THEY'RE  
CLOSING IN ON  
ME!

A LITTLE  
RECEPTION WHICH  
YOU HAD PLANNED  
FOR ME!

BUT NOW THE ALLEY BEYOND  
THE HOUSE OF THRILLS IS  
CROWDED WITH BLUE-  
COATED FIGURES.

SAVE YOUR  
BREATH, SERGEANT.  
WE'LL SOON HAVE  
THE DOOR OPEN!

THIS WAS THE  
PLACE THE SPECTRE  
ENTERED!

OPEN UP!  
THIS IS THE  
POLICE!

JIM HEARS THE  
SHOUTS.

THE POLICE!  
THEY'LL FIND ME HERE  
IF I STAY LONG ENOUGH  
TO RESCUE THE  
DEMON!

HURRY!  
THE SPIKES  
ARE ALMOST  
ON ME!

NO MATTER WHAT THE RISK TO HIMSELF,  
JIM CANNOT LEAVE EVEN A CREATURE  
SUCH AS THE DEMON TO SUCH A FATE.

HOLD  
ON! I'M  
COMING!

SO CLOSE ARE THE  
CRUEL SPIKES THAT  
THEY RIP THE  
TREMBLING DEMON'S  
CLOTHES AS JIM  
LIFTS HIM FROM  
THE FLOOR.

GOT  
YOU!

AAH!

BUT THE RESCUE HAS COST  
JIM JORDAN HIS PRECIOUS  
SECRET. FOR NOW THE CORRIDOR  
ABOVE IS FILLED WITH FIGURES.

I-IT'S  
JIM JORDAN!  
THE CRIME REPORTER  
FROM THE DAILY GLOBE!  
THEN HE'S NOT  
DEAD!

AND  
THE OTHER  
FELLOW IS  
LUCIFUS  
DEMON—  
THE  
DEMON!

EASY  
DOES IT!

WE'VE BEEN AFTER LUCIFUS  
DEMON FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.  
AND NOW WE HAVE HIM, THANKS  
TO THE SPECTRE—OR RATHER  
JIM JORDAN.

YES, INSPECTOR.  
THE TRUTH ABOUT ME  
IS OUT. THE SPECTRE'S  
MISSION IS ENDED!

THE TRIAL OF  
THE DEMON IS  
A SENSATION  
AND IN NO  
NEWSPAPER  
IS THE STORY  
OF IT MORE  
VIVIDLY TOLD  
THAN IN THE  
DAILY GLOBE.  
WHICH  
IS HARDLY  
SURPRISING,  
FOR IT IS  
WRITTEN  
BY THE MAN  
WHO HAS  
RESUMED HIS  
OLD JOB AS  
CHIEF CRIME  
REPORTER—  
JIM  
JORDAN.

BUT TO THIS DAY  
HARD BY THE OLD  
CHURCH YARD OF  
ALL SOULS IN THE  
FIELD STILL STANDS  
THE MONUMENT  
...A REMINDER TO  
ALL EVIL MEN THAT  
ONCE THERE  
STALKED THE  
SPECTRE!

The  
End

# The NERVS

FATTY AWAKES, ONE MORNING,  
TO A STARTLING DISCOVERY—



AS USUAL, IT'S ALL DUE TO HIS "NERVS"!  
IN **THIS** CASE, ERNIE EYE-NERV,  
WHO'S GONE ON **STRIKE**!



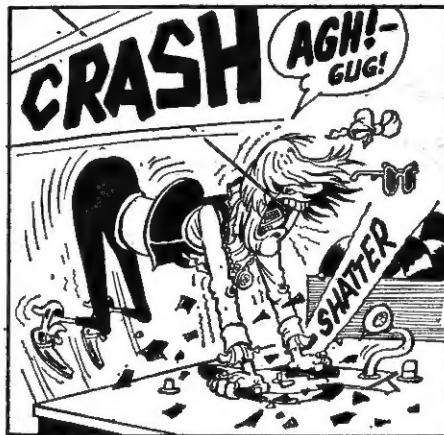
AND LATER, AS FATTY HEADS FOR  
SCHOOL—AND A LAMP POST—



AND, IN FATTY'S **LEFT EYE**—



AND NOW TO THE "KNEE" TRANS-  
MITTING DEPT., WHERE "SLIPPED-  
DISC" JOCKEY, JIMMY NAVEL, IS  
ENTERTAINING HIS MORNING FANS—



AT THIS, THE "LEFT-EYE NERV"  
BECOMES UPSET—



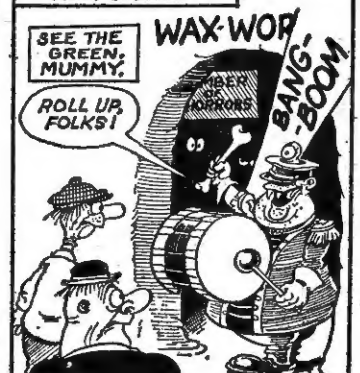
—OPEN UP THAT SHUTTER,  
AN' GET AT THAT WHEEL!



WHILE IN THE "OUTER-  
WORLD"—



MEANWHILE—DOWN FATTY'S  
RIGHT EARHOLE IS HIS  
"WAX-WORKS"—



BUT, WITHIN THE "CHAMBER"—



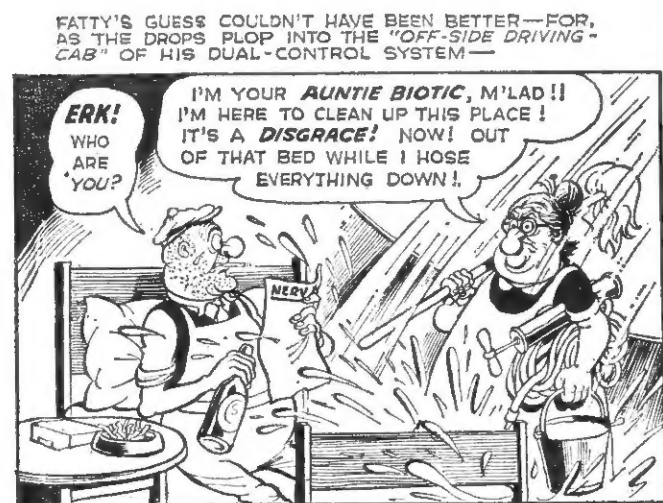
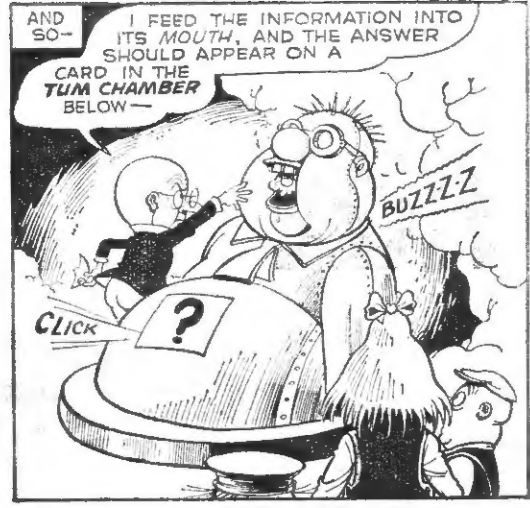
THEN, SUDDENLY—



AND, INSIDE FATTY'S "WAX-WORKS".









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